## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

of To-Day for Not Marrying.

Its Happiness.

SINGLE SELFISHNESS.

has solid gold enough in its composition to

Is marriage an essential of the happiness of life?

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

and served, and to continue without a break the life to which she has been accustomed.

ANXIOUS MARRIED MEN.

the fullest expression of happiness the human face can wear.
The bachelor face, on the other has

of it, and to nourish the inner man, the un-seen and immortal Ego, to the best advant-

age.

We cannot supersede nature, although we do try very ardently and obstinately to do

PANCY SUCH A DEATHBED!

But the world will go on, men and maid-

I am inclined to think they are not. Mar-

giving sensible advice.

bear down the scales?

for two.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) WASHINGTON, December 7.

THE pretty girls of the coun try have captured

the Capital, They walk by the hundreds every after noon along Penu sylvania avenue. Their sweet, rosy faces shine out from the galleries of the House and the Senate, and their stylish turnouts make you dinzy with admiration as they dash past you in the parks and in

Miss Elkir the drives near ex-President Cleveland's home. Washington is a city of homely women no longer. The new Administratian has brought in new blood, and the crop of fresh girls contains more beauties than the famed gallery of the mad king of Bayaris in the palace at Munich. Verily, nature has smiled upon our statesmen's daughters in this year of our Lord, 1889, and all that art and money can do is being done to make their appearance in the next year's social garden one of splendor, of sweetness, and light. Thousands have been lavished upon their dresses, and lying away in the jewel cases of the Capital are diamonds by the quart, and pearls by the peck. The dresses of this year will be finer than ever before, but the girls will surpass the dresses, and the debutantes will be brighter than the dis-

gons



The Williamson Sisters. monds and purer than the pearls. They

will be the resebuds of the capital, the sweetest, the prettiest, and the freshest of their sex.

circle. The Cabinet will give five, and we will get two from the Supreme Court families, and another two from the diplomatic corps. Two will have Senators for their sponsors, and a baker's dozen will come from the army, navy and resident society

The winter's drawing rooms will be baskets of roses—passionate Jacqueminots, dreamy Marechal Neils, soulful Nephetos, and mystical La France blossoms. They have been nurtured in secret in the hotbeds of private schools, and they are now transplanted with their petals glowing into the dessiing drawing rooms of Washington.

A BUD FROM MAINE.

Harriet Stanwood Blaine, the daughte of the Secretary of State, heads the list. A bud of 19. For the last three years she has been trained at Mrs. Porter's school, at Farmington, Conn., and she bursts forth into Washington society with her perals intellectually in the best of shape. She has her father's quick wit and his ready repartee, and she comes into the social flower garden with good looks and splendid dresses. As to her appearance, she is of medium height, and she carries her slender, well-made form with dignity and grace. Her face is clear cut, and her mobile, sweet mouth is founded on a firm, clean-cut chin. Her hazel eyes have the friend-

ly, magnetic look of those that have made her father the most popular of American statesmen, and she is especially 36 beautiful under 一堂 lights of the ball room. Miss Blaine has masses of glossy brown hair, which she wears

in the picturesque Catogan Miss Florence Miller. loop. On the street she dresses very quietly and in the English fashion. Her first season dinner and reception toilets are of the delicate tones of the society rosebud.

Another Cabinet bud is Miss Florence

Another Cabinet bud is Miss Florence
Wisdom, the younger daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. She was educated
at the same school as Miss Blaine, and, like
Miss Blaine, she has seen very little of society. She is not yet 19, and her father and
mother still call her "the child" and "Floriety. She is not yet 19, and her father and
mother still call her "the child" and "Floriety. She is not yet 19, and her father and
mother still call her "the child" and "Floriety. She is not yet 19, and her father and
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mother still call her "the child" and "Floriety. She is not yet 19, and her father and
mother and wintui intil becauty that she is,
is unwilling to wait until she resches the
debutante age, which is 18. Her mother
has consented that she appear informally in
her own and her friends' drawing rooms.
No famed professional beauty is prettier
than this little Mississippi girl. She has
the wonderfal celoring of a Creole, brown Miss Windom is below medium skin that fin She has a plump figure, brown eyes she talks, eyes and hair, cheeks that show the color of the rose and which develop into dimples when she laughs or talks. Her eyes are brown, and her nose is just the least tip-tilted.

In the laugh of the least tip-tilted.

Another young lady who will make her grst appearance on the social rostrum is Miss Emily Proctor, the daughter of the Secretary. She is a very quiet girl, and she reminds one of Priscilla, with all of that Puritan maid's drollery. Her gowns are as modest as herself, and she looks very much like her father; of rather pale complexion, her face is shaped much the same as his and and rose-nink fike her father; of rather pale complexion, low forehead her face is shaped much the same as his, and her eyes and hair are of the same lightish ears. She is brown of his in his younger days.

The daughter of Attorney General Miller has the advantage over her sister belies in the point of musical ability. She can pick the banjo with more skill than the famed Uncle Ned of negro melody, and her sweet soprano voice has been cultured by the best teachers in Indianapolis. She is a great friend of President and Mrs. Harrison, and she will probably be one of the figures of White House society. She is the eldest Miss Grace Davis, daughter of ex-Senator

and of consummate art in dress.

Chief Justice Fuller has eight daughters,

and the fairest of the eight will be a winter's rosebud. All of Chief Justice Fuller's daughters are pretty, but no one would deny

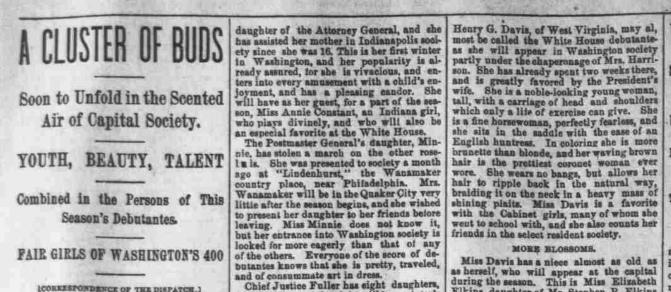
Miss Grace Davis.

Miss Mary Jones.

A SENATORIAL TRIO the palm to Miss Mildred, the fourth daugh-

Weston, Jr., the young son, are all pur-

and power.



Miss Davis has a niece almost as old as as herself, who will appear at the capital during the season. This is Miss Elizabeth Elkins, daughter of Mr. Stephen B. Elkins by his first wife. Her entrance into Washington society will be under the chaperonege of a very handsome woman, Mra. Clarkson, wife of the Assistant Postmaster General. Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Ohio's new Governor, was to have been presented in January by her mother; but, as that is the time of her father's inauguration, at Columbus, O., she will not appear at the Capital until later. Much of the season, however, she will spend here, and she can really be called a Washington rosebud. She is one of the few decided bru-



the same New York school. Like a sensible girl, she knew there was nothing to do until the season opened, and she begged to go back to school and study three months belore the plunge into gaiety. She looks like a demoiselle of the Empress Josephine's court. The resemblance is increased as she wears her black hair coiffed high in a fashion learned from a Parisian coiffeur.

What a record they must keep up, these pretty daughters of the first families. So many beauties famed in the old, as well as the new, world come from them, and they, par excellence, are the beauties of Washington. In the list in which the divine Mattie Mitchell, the heiress-beauty; Miss Leiter, the charming Misses Maury, the lovely Katy Beach, who, at one time, was engaged to Allan Arthur; the pretty Florence Audenried, and the fairest of last season's bads, Peggy James, appeared, we now have ter, who will come out during the season. There are two distinct types in the Fuller family. Maud, Mary, who is now in Berlin, and Pauline, who married so suddenly in Milwaukee last March, are pronounced brunettes, while the other five and Melville. at blondes.

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

Miss Mildred Fuller is not only the pret
Miss Mildred Fuller is not only the pret
Louise Bainbridge-Hoff, Miss Alice Condit-

Louise Bainbridge-Hoff, Miss Liest girl in her own family, but she can easily compare with any one of the score of debutantes. She is tall and formed after the graceful model of Marie Antoinette, ith a faceabowing at the Capital, fly off to Paris the Berry year, reign as queens and finally marry the scions and finally marry the scions THE WILLIAMSON BEAUTIES. at the Capital, fly off to Paris or London the pert year, reign as queens at Newport, and finally marry the scions of the best houses. They are rarely seen in official society, and are guarded as carefully from the public as the daughters of New York's soft, and her shoulders slope a trifle more than those of the shoulders slope a trifle more than those of the shoulders slope a trifle more than those of the shoulders as the daughters of New York's four Hundred. It is said that Senator Mitchell's daughter has had no rival, here-tofore, but this year she will need to look tofore, but this year she will need to look out for the laurels, for the bunch of buds are the modern girl. She wears her show-er of golden curls daughters of General Williamson, the dark-



eyed Madge and fair Pauline, contrasting eyed Madge and fair Pauline, contrasting beauties, who will set the world by its ears. Some people say Pauline is the prettier, others say she cannot compare with Madge. They are just 18—these Williamson beauties. Pauline is tall and slender, with shapely head and eyes of a wonderful blue. Madge is petite and slight, with black eyes that make her sister's blue ones forgotten, and which look at you with an expression saucy and piquant. They belong to a family of pratty women. Their older sister, Annette, was married a month ago, and was said to be one of the prettiest of the year's brides. The girls were in school in Chicago last winter, and went out a little chicago last winter, and went out a little there under a married sister's chaperonage. They are great (avorites in Washington, being especially liked by Lady Psuncefote and her daughters and other members of the diplomatic corps. Mrs. Grundy, Jr.

QUEER NOISES IN A HOTEL.

eyes and awaits to see what is coming, and if he is a new one at the business, half expects that a murder is being committed.

"We had a case not long ago of a gentleman here who, during the middle of the night began pounding on his door, yelling at the same time, 'Let me out, let me out. Help! Help!' The hallboy rushed down to the desk, and, with the night clerk and the porter, hurried back to the room whence came the sounds of distress. All was quiet. They waited awhile, then knocked. The subject of the nightmare came to the door feeling very much crestfallen. He explained that he had eaten a too-liberal supply of deviled orab during the previous evening, and that he had dreamed that he was locked in one of the immense money vaults of the Treasury, which he had seen during his visit to the city. His own cries for help had caused him to wake. Such cases, more or lens exciting, are of almost nightly occurrence in a large hotel, and usually greater when the social season is at its height. The guests who get intoxicated are not included in this class of noise-makers. They form a separate study alone.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER

WHYDON'THE MARRY'S Some Reasons Given by Young Men

schleved, for they leave the place where they stood vacant when they fall, and the world, although it may be wiser, cannot be the richer because they have lived.

It is hardly worth while, however, to fret very much over the perversity of those who will not follow out this beniga law of nature, or too severely seold the selfish Benedicts, or the silly, extravagant girls who discourage them; for, after all, they are only obeying another law of not so much nature as destiny—one of those bits of quiet irony with which that "Destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," often diversifies her labors. Look through the history of the world, that is, of its civilized nations, and you will find every one of them governed by this unwritten but unchanging law; while life is simple, the need of population confessed, and communities small, marriage will be looked upon as desirable, and nearly all young persons will seek, desire and accomplish it. Life will be easy, and children will spring up like buttercups in June.

NATURE KNOWS BEST. BENEDICT CHAMBERS VS WEDLOCK. Mrs. Frank Leslie on the Marital State and THE ESSENTIALITY OF MARRIAGE Straws show which way the wind blows, and a quiet little addition to the building interests of New York especially, and other cities in their degree, shows the growth of a new phase of our American life, likely to

NATURE KNOWS BEST.

make a large mark upon the future.

Benedict Chambers is a favorite name for these new edifices, and that of course means that they are intended for bachelors' quarters, although in passing let us wonder, as I often do, why Benedict, who is chiefly famous because he did marry, and calls himself "Benedict the married man," should be chosen as the type of resolved and settled celibacy.

Until lately, a young unmarried man was considered and accommodated as a sort of bird of passage; he had a tiny room in his father's house, or he boarded somewhere, or he lived at a hotel, or he lodged in one house

bird of passage; he had a tiny room in his father's house, or he boarded somewhere, or he lived at a hotel, or he lodged in one house and ate in another or at a cafe; he was on his promotion; he was not living, but staying; he was the half of a pair of scissors; he was a transitional formation, not worth placing or formulating very accurately.

If he hung long on hand, people began to say, "Why Joesn't he marry? He surely has salary enough, hasn't he?"

And if by chance he remained unmarried, he became a sort of phenomenon, was called "an old bachelor," ridiculed, offered in jest to each other by merry girls, and made the subject of comic songs, stories and jests. It was in those days, not so long gone by, either, a matter of course that a young man's one idea of contented personal life was to marry a nice girl, set up a home where he should be lord and master, and accept with equanimity the little responsibilities likely to accrue.

The bachelorhood, and her maidens to wither upon the stem or to find themselves a "your alon the stem or to find themselves a "your alon or the world or the convent, for she sees this coming destiny that at this point of space and time there is no need of more population, no need of pioneers, no need of building up an already overgrown center. She sees, too, does she not? that an effete and overcultivated and exhausted stock is not the one whence to take scions for her new plantations, and she simply leaves them to run out, struggle where they will, unbound and untrained, flower or fruit, and finally die down and disappear.

Nature knows best; nature has her laws and her intentions; and quiet though she be in most of her ways, the combined wisdom, determination and effort of the whole race will not effect her methods in the least.

MRS. Frank Leslie.

The STREET CAR ROG.

There Are Times When the Porker is Not of Mascaline Gender.

But the luxurious and carefully planned Washington Post.1 Benedict Chambers do not second with this idea. They are evidently intended for men The street car hog is as various as the human race. Sometimes the hog has its own who already have secured a sufficient in-come for modest marriage, but who do not intend to spend their money in that way; for men who say of two or three or five thouway and sometimes it doesn't. It was on a come for modest marriage, but who do not intend to spend their money in that way; for men who say of two or three or five thousand a year as the gourmand did of the goose—that it was an inconvenient roast, being a little too much for one, but not enough "Sir, will you kindly get me a package of

for two.

These gentlemen consider that a pretty suite of rooms where they may smoke as much as they choose, stay up until they wish to go to bed, have guests when they like, or play hermit if they prefer, have the morning coffee and roll served at their bed-side, and lunch and dine at Delmonico's, is better than to establish a partnership household, where the domestic portion is more apt to rule than the one whose business takes him away for most of his waking hours. He pulls out of the seat into which she had wedged him to get the tickets. She slides along, her party squirms in, and in a second the space the gentleman vacated is fuller than ever. The gentleman returns with the tickets, and asks: tickets?

"How many out?"

To which madam replies with an air of concealed triumph.

hours.

From a purely selfish point of view probably Benedict judges wisely. He can be more comfortable, he can be more independent, he can escape a good deal of annoyance and perplexity, but then—he can't be married.

And placing Benedict Chambers in one scale, and married life in the other, which

"Pardon me, madam, but I think you are

"Yes, madam. You were sitting on my Fifty years ago, as I have just intimated, no such question could have been seriously asked or answered. It was a matter of Madam is paralyzed, and the passengers laugh, giggle, scream, shout, roar or howl, according to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. The mortified woman pulls the bell strap and tries to back off before the asked or answered. It was a matter of course that young people were to marry just as soon as they had the means, and, to judge from what was written in that day, and from the ingrained prejudices of the survivors of that day, it was the young men who were eiger to be married as speedily as possible, and the young women who were urged to set aside their coy seruples and consent to an early day.

What has changed this healthy, natural, patriarchal order of events? Why do men now take counsel with themselves and each other, and so often conclude that chambers car stops, with a face you could light a cigar by, leaving her friends behind. The

gentleman looks screnely unconscious, and a car full of people feel comfortable the rest of the way home because one car hog has

gotten such a come-upance. BISMARCK'S LITERARY TASTES.

other, and so often conclude that chambers are preferable to a dulce domum? and why The Chanceller a Student of Greek and do they and ill-natured women so often speak of girls trying to marry, angling for Latin but Not of English. Ladies' Home Journal.)

The Iron Chancellor is quite a connois

husbands, and all the rest of it?

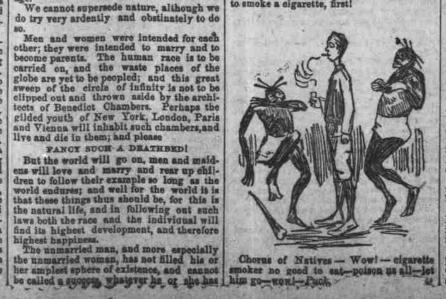
We are often told by the bachelors themselves that the march of luxury has outstripped the march of incomes; that a man cannot now start in life as his father did, seur in books, and has added without very much expense at any time to the small library that he began to gather when a student. He is a good Greek and Latin scholar also, and often amuses himself by translating from the original. He is not nearly so voluminous a reader as Mr. Gladstone, and is not always looking for a gem or something that will repay the perusal of a stupid chapter. He once explained to a friend that the book must interest him at the beginning, or he would have nothing to do with it. He pays little or no attention to English or American literature, and although many of the English and American men of letters have been presented to him he is not well acquainted with their work.

He possesses a well thumbed copy of Whittier's poems, and likes to spend an hour or so occasionally with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." When some great work has appeared in either England or America, and is translated into German, Bismarck reads it, but it must be of surpassing interest to engage his attention. student. He is a good Greek and Latin but is expected to begin where he left off.

They say that the dowerless daughter of a man living up to a big income expects to go from her inther's house to one just as fashionably situated, just as well furnished "And a fellow of 25 doesn't ordinarily have an income rising \$10,000 a year," said one discontented bachelor to whom I was But, taking all one's friends together, do the married men asem absolutely happier than the bachelors, even if they have means large enough, or a wife economical enough, to make marriage possible? ried men, as a rule, have a speculative, absent-minded expression upon their faces, as if they were mutely pondering over some intricate domestic or commercial affiair. They generally have an air of arriere pensee, so to speak, and it is not, to my mind, the followers are not beautiful to my mind,



Captive-Hold on!-Give me five minute to smoke a cigarette, first!



ERRANT IN THE ROCKIES

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN'S ADVENTURE IN AMERICA.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY, M. P., AND ALBERT DELPIT.

[WRITTEN FOR THE PITTSBURG DISPATCE.]



certain tavern in Denver. The time was autumn but the aspect of the year was wintry and word. A drimling, thin rain, fine as needles and chill as icicles, filmed the view. The inn was a wretched place, but it might well have seemed as pleasing as a palace to any wanderer abroad on such a doleful evening. Yet the occupant of the best room—and bad was the best—did not appear to be over-pleased with his quarters. A fire blazed upon the hearth, and sent queer shadows leaping about the stark walls and quivering in the dusty corners of the room. The gentleman sat opposite the fire, with one booted leg swung over the other, and his chair tilted back, staring into the flames, and lightly



"None!"

And takes the package. Everybody "catches on" and smiles or frowns, as each considers it a joke or a put-up job.

The gentleman fails to catch the drift of merriment, seemingly, but hooks on to a strap as if it were all right. Suddenly he feels in one pocket, then in another, and then seems of the seems of man as ever wandered from Ireland in quest of fortune. His costume was a departure from civilized garb toward the picturesque sitting on something that is mine."

'Am 1?" she asks, and rises heavily that he may get it. He slips into the vacated rickety chimney-piece a square of printed paper had been lately stuck up, and on this square of printed paper the eyes of the square of printed paper the eyes of the gentleman frequently rested, and whenever they did so an amused light danced in them, and the humming sped at a blither gait. It is a custom in that region to advertise in a particular newspaper with very big type, such things as cattle ranchers desire to buy or sell, and this clipping was typographically bold in the conventional way, but its matter was novel if its manner was now. It read:

unt of his call.

thing."
"What was that?"

"I don't know much about this lady,"

"When you were offered six months' pay you ought to have taken it. It was a guar-

anty against her caprices; but after all you

Mrs. Relitska Berating Kitty.

probably have nothing to be afraid of. The

are up my fair client will be madly in love

Mason said, "only you did one foo

WANTED - A GENTLEMAN WHO speaks French, and is perfectly familiar with the Rocky Mountains regions, to act as guide and guard to a lady on a prospecting tour. Address M. R., at this office.

The gentleman had posted the advertise-ment on the wall, as if to see, by regarding it, how he would look in the employment which it offered. He was out of money, and it, how he would look in the employment which it offered. He was out of money, and nearly out of hope. Therefore, any source of immediate income was to be appreciatively considered. But he was something of an aristocrat at home, and therefore the job of a courier was something which he had never before thought of as possible to him. Whenever the gentleman's eyes rested on the bit of paper they brightened, still, when they turned again to the glowing fire they gloomed, and "The Shan Van Vocht" flagged markedly. For the fire was full of pictures, as all fires are to the observant, and the pictures they painted now to their watcher were melancholy enough. He saw the ruins of his family estate in Ireland; he saw gallant gentlefolk of ancient name wandering wearily in foreign lands. Desolate, pathetic pictures. But the fire pictures he studied were chiefly personal—little pictures in which two persons played prominent parts. He was one of the actors; his cousin, Gregory O'Carroll, was the other. The last thing he had heard of concerning Gregory was that he was seeking the hand of Kitty Mellish, the beautiful girl with whom he had danced a measure on the night before he quitted his Irish home to seek a better fortune in American. She was a handsome girl he remembered, scanning his dream-picture in the glowing coals. Would she be sorry, he wondered, if he never returned? Would she be glad if he went back enriched? What would she think of him—of Talbot Power, acton of the ruined but still proud Power family—if she knew that he would hire himself out as a courier? wandering wearily in foreign insua. Description plane is a photocomplated by the pictures he studied were chiefly personal—lititle pictures in which two persons played prominent parts. He was one of the actors; his cousin, Gregory O'Carroll, was the other. The last thing he had heard of concerning Gregory was that he was seeking the hand of Kitty Melliah, the beautiful girl with whom he had danced a measure on the night before he quitted his Irish home to seek a better fortune in American. She was a handsome girl he remembered, scanning his dream-picture in the glowing coals. Would she be sorry, he wondered, if he never returned? Would she be glad if he went back enriched? What would she be hink of him—of Talbot Power, scion of the ruined but still proud Power family—if she knew that he would hire himself out as a courier?

"She ought to think it better than cattle stealing or stage robbing," he said to himself; "and those are the alternatives, so far as I can see. So I go to M. R., whoever she may be, and she may have me if she will."

His preparation for the visit was singnar. It consisted of shaving off his beard and mustache. The beard was of American growth, but the mustache had covered his lip and overhung his mouth since he was 20. The clean shave was in the whimsical nature of a disguise. He smilled bitterly as he surveyed in the glass his face as smooth as that of an actor or a lackey. He saw, too, that a change had come over his expression harder.

In an hour he was in the presence of Mrt. Mira Relitiska, a Russian countess, wealthy and adventurous, who had come to American on a pleasure tour. He had made up his over the plane who had seen at his first interview. He had made up his on a pleasure tour. He had made up his on the pleasure tour. He had made up his or pleasure tour. He ha

In an hour he was in the presence of Mrs. Mira Relitska, a Russian countess, wealthy and adventurous, who had come to America on a pleasure tour. He had made up his mind to retreat if the stranger proved to be disagreeable. But her mode of reception astonished him so much that it was long before he regained the sense of reality. At the end of the hotel room in a reclining chair lay a woman of 30 or 35 years. She had been very beautiful; but in spite of her comparative youth her face appeared old upon closer inspection, because of the many fine wrinkles covering the temples and neck. Her gray eyes were wandering, dull and colorless. Only her heavy blonds hair and white teeth kept the beauty of youth, though her delicate hands showed her noblo birth.

"Aht is it you, Monsieur?" she said in French, in a lingering voice. "Pardon me

French, in a lingering voice. "Pardon me f I do not rise to receive you. I am ill, so

The young man responded with an appro-priate bow, took a chair and sat tranquilly down. Then he looked at Mrs. Relitaka, and waited for her, to hegin. His hard di-

Once, two years ago, I tried to cure myself, I went to Berlin to the only hospital that there is in Europe for maladies of this kind. The superintendent made me sign a paper promising to remain a prisoner for three months. Unhappilly, after several weeks, I fell back into my bad habits. But let us talk of other things."

A sort of intimacy was gradually arising between them, and when they met again at night in the dining room of the hotel one would have supposed them to be two old friends meeting after a long separation. The lady ate with a good appetite, chattering with Talbot and uttering a thousand follies. They went to a theatrical entertainment. Once she said, smiling: "What is your first name?"

first name?"
"Talbot," he answered. "Don't you find it tiresome to call me 'Madam' all the time?"



A Struggle for Mastery. solved to keep up his politeness and re-

judge of each other, and either of us shall have the right to break the engagement if not satisfied with the other."

The woman's confidence and her generosity touched him. "I am very grateful for your words, madam," he said, "but I must decline your offer, for it would give me the lion's share of the bargain. Let us keep to the conditions fixed by Mason. It is fair that I should receive a quarter's salary before starting, since I am quite penniless, but I have no right to accept more."

Mrs. Relitaka lightly shrugged her shoulders and replied dryly, "As you choose, Monsieur." There was a short silence; then, stretching out her hand to the young man with an almost feline movement, she added, "Oh, "I thank you for the honor that you do me," he replied, "but do you not think that this familiarity might seem a little extraordinary?"

"As you choose," she rejained, with her habitual shrug of the shoulders.

She decided to quit the entertainment when it was half over. Then they went to a public restaurant for a supper.

"What do you take to drink with a meal?" she asked, as she scanned the bill of

fare. "Nothing, madam, thank you," he re-

Monsieur." There was a short silence; then, stretching out her hand to the young man with an almost seline movement, she added, "Then we do agree?"

"Entirely."

"I am to start in three days for a rambling, reaming tour of the Rocky Mountains region. It shall be your duty, if you please, to be a guide—not in an ordinary sense, but as a protector, adviser and champion—for me and the young lady who is to be myouly companion. We are good travelers, and have come neross the Atlantic, as well as this far across America, without a male cacort, but the Rockies make us afraid, and so we will trust our safety to you, sir."

A short talk about the part of country to be visited, and the means of transit, ended the interview. An hour later Talbot rejoined Mason, the intermediary agent.

"Well, how did the interview go off?"

Mason saked.

"Universal!" was the sarely "Nothing, madam, thank you," he replied.

"Oh, well, I'm not so temperate as that."

She ordered a bottle of fine champagne, and poured out a glassful, which she swallowed at one draught, with the coolness and rapidity of a proficient drinker.

Then the conversation began as before.

From time to time Mira poured out a fresh glass of the champagne, as screnely and composedly as any old toper. The wine increased her gaiety. Her cheeks flushed and her glance became more keen and penetrating. At 10 o'clook when he left her at the hotel, she offered her hand to Roland and said: "Good-night. I'm half dead from want of sleep, and I'm going to bed. Farewell until to-morrow."

Left to himself, the voung man fell into a reverse. What was this strange woman—proud even to arrogance, or childishly simple? In keeping up the same attitude

ple? In keeping up the same attitude toward her he hoped to remain upon a friendly footing. It would be better not to enter farther into such a dangerous inti-

"Very well," was the reply.

The Irishman was in better spirits than he had been for months, and gave a crisp ac-When Talbot went upstairs to his own When Talbot went upstairs to his own room—for he had transferred his quarters from the miserable tavern—the clocks were striking 12. Mrs. Relitaka's apartments consisted of two rooms for herself and one for the girl companion—whom he had not yet seen, as she had happened to be out on errands preparatory to the journey each time he had called. As he reached the first landing the young man heard loud sounds at the end of the corridor. It was the Russian's voice, violent and furious in the allence of the night. Suddenly a cry of pain arose, the lingering, plaintive cry of a person suffering. What could be the matter? Finally the noise ceased, and he went to his room, only a little way off. But aleep avoided him; on the eve of this curious expedition a thousand opposing thoughts. aleep avoided him; on the eve of this curious expedition a thousand opposing thoughts crowded through his brain. What was pretty Ritty Mellish doing at home in Ireland? What was she thinking about? All at once he heard from the Russian's room a low moan, like that of an injured child. He knew that the girl was there. Could Mrs. Relitaka have been beating her? Impossible. That eccentric woman appeared good-hearted; she had shown admirable tact in her relations with Talbot; why should she not act in the same way toward the girl? But at last he fell asleep and did not awake till morning.

> Breakfast was the first meal which Talbot Power was to eat in the same botel where his employer lodged. She had saked him to meet her in the parlor at 9 o'clock, to be introduced to her young female companion, and then take the meal together. He was ahead of her. When she entered, accompanied by the girl-a typical Irish beauty, with gray eyes, rimmed by black lashes, with a clear white complexion sprinkled with a few freekles, and with a demurely shy manner—she turned to intro-



duce the two young persons. But before she could utter their names they were them-

Their clasp of hands approached closely to an impulsive curess, and a kiss was re-luctantly left unexchanged. "You know each other?" Mrs. Rellians

exclaimed.

"Ever since we were two feet tall," Talbot responded. "We grew up in the same county in Ireland."

"How strange a chance that I should have engaged Miss Mellish in London, to make the journey with me, and then you have in Deuver to make out the party," and there was a true of questioning doubt in Mrs. Relitaka's mind, as though she glimmeringly fancted some plot. "Did neither of you know that the other was here?"

"I left Miss Mellish at home in Ireland when I started for America," said Talbot.

"I am not surprised than you did
the other day," she observed.
"I am not surprised, madam, but I pity
you with all my heart."
"Ah!" she replied rather haughtily. Then
after a brief silence she added gently and
with a smile: "You have a good heart, my
friend. Xes, mine is a terrible mania.

A PRETTY BROWN-EYED MAID. The prettlest little brown-eyed maid in this round world is Courtenay Walthall, the adopted daughter of Senator Cary Walthall, of Mississippi. She is his wife's niece and was adopted by them when a child. Miss Courtenay is only 17, so that her first winter will be a rather quiet one, and she will not appear as the full-blown rose until next season. She had a taste of society last winter, and willful little beauty that she is,

daughters of the former Missister, the Misses West. She is a sensible girl, for she likes America and everything American. She will assist Lady Pauncefote at the receptions

at the British L gat on.

The youngest of Senstor Donald Cameron's five daughters by his first marriage will enter society this winter. All but one of the others are married. The debutsnite, Miss Rachel, was educated at the best pri-

vate schools, and has never been allowed to appear in the Cameron drawing room at any-

thing but family parties, so that her debut will be a veritable 'coming out."

that flushes in waves of red as

naive, and it will take many

De closen as the type of resolved and section celibacy.

Until lately, a young unmarried man was considered and accommodated as a sort of bird of passage; he had a tiny room in his father's house, or he boarded somewhere, or he lived at a hotel, or he lodged in one house and ate in another or at a cafe; he was on

nettes in the whole score, and is consequently a superbly pretty girl. She was educated in Mrs. Peeble's school in New York, traveled sbroad one year, and is now staking a course in French and history in the same New York school. Like a sensible sid she knew there was nothing to do



They Are Made at Night by People With the

Nightmare. "Among the many queer experiences gained in a hotel," said the clerk of an upgained in a hotel," said the clerk of an uptown hostelry to a reporter, "are those connected with guests who are subject to nightmare, which is more common than many
people suppose. It is not uncommon for a
night in a large hotel to develop several
cases of this kind. In the stillness of the
early morning hours heavy groaus or a
shrick may be heard sounding along the
corridor. The hall boy wakes up, rubs his
eyes and swaits to see what is coming, and
if he is a new one at the business, half expects that a murder is being committed.

Men and women were intended for each other; they were intended to marry and to become parents. The human race is to be carried on, and the waste places of the globe are yet to be peopled; and this great sweep of the circle of infinity is not to be clipped out and thrown saide by the architects of Benedict Chambers. Perhaps the gilded youth of New York, London, Paris and Vienna will inhabit such chambers, and live and die in them; and please